

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. The left edge of the page shows the binding, with visible stitching or thread. The overall tone is warm and slightly yellowed, characteristic of old paper.

NIGHTS PERFORMANCE
THE OPERATIC SOCIETY
 A Grand and Brilliant Performance
 Given by the Operatic Society
 at the Theatre Royal, Vancouver
 on Saturday Evening, June 1st, 1906.
 The Operatic Society, under the management of Mr. J. A. Bennett, has given a most successful performance at the Theatre Royal, Vancouver, on Saturday evening, June 1st, 1906. The performance was a grand and brilliant one, and the audience was most numerous and enthusiastic. The Operatic Society, under the management of Mr. J. A. Bennett, has given a most successful performance at the Theatre Royal, Vancouver, on Saturday evening, June 1st, 1906. The performance was a grand and brilliant one, and the audience was most numerous and enthusiastic.

Wandering in Dreamland
 (BY THOMAS ALEXANDER McLEAN)
 The Past, Present and Future.

I dozed in my easy chair last night, it happens singularly enough, Mr. Editor, that as I grow older I take to easy chairs, cushioned seats and comforts generally, which in my younger days I condemned as womanly weaknesses, but as I dozed I dreamed of the olden time when I used to sit in my uncle's chair and listen to his tales of the journeys and voyages of himself and his friends in the days of the old Northwest Company—when the departure from Lachine was a great day for the Company and its officers, and the return of the voyageurs was celebrated in most luxurious fashion in Montreal.

I saw in my dream the brigade of canoes setting out, but first I saw the partners of the Company duly carried out by sturdy fellows through the shallow water and over the ice, in great ceremony in luxurious fur-lined canoes, in which they made their trips from St. Anne's to the extreme of the posts of the Company, and I heard many a cheer and the sweet chants of the voyageurs. Even now the words of A la Claire Fontaine seem to ring in my ears, and as I dreamed I heard the old man tell of Nipissing, Huron, and Superior, with their storms and sunshines, and then I ran the rapids of many a wild stream; then the scene changed and I saw him travelling across the prairies, the travelers keeping careful watch for the fear of Crees, Sioux, and Saulteaux, and as they got further into the prairies taking special precautions against the Blackfeet and Sarcees, then the most hostile of the Indian tribes. Again I saw him and his party among the mountains at the head waters of the Columbia, taking canoes to go down to the mouth of the river to Astoria, guarding well against the Gros Ventres, Plutes, Flat Heads, and Doggers. Again I saw him and his party laboriously making their way back through the Yellowhead Pass, through the Ustagan country to Athabasca, and I heard the old man as though I saw his eyes brighten and his breath come quicker, as he told of the many dangers and varied incidents of his long route; while again I saw him on the far Sis Katchewan on his way to stormy Lake Winnipeg, with its rocky and inhospitable shores, until at last, after two years, he was carried on shore at Lachine after his long journey. Such was the scene as presented to me in my dream of the old-time tale of the Nor'-wester, and as the scenes changed the old man described the countries he had visited where not often a white man had set his foot.

Again my dream changed and I stood in the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the rulers of our people considered the question of getting possession of the great Hudson's Bay territory, and as I listened I heard again of the country the old Nor'-wester had so loved to tell about, and some were for and some were against old Canada taking so great a responsibility, and a young man got up to speak and the whole house listened, for he was looked to, so I was told as I dreamed, as the future leader of his party, and with an eloquent tongue he declared that for Canada to attempt to take possession of the Northwest would be utter ruin, that they would never be able to pay the interest on the debt it would involve them in, and all his party cheered his speech and pronounced it the wisest ever made in the Canadian Parliament. And as I listened in my dream the face of the old Nor'-wester came up before me, and I heard him say: "He does not know of what he talks." And another member addressed the House, a spare looking man with almost a Jewish face, with curly hair and very bright eyes, and a nervous action of his head, and he, as I heard in my dream, spoke long in favor of acquiring the territory, and pictured the future of the country.

Then in my dream I was out on the plains in the Blackfoot country, and I thought I recollected all had been told about them and their hostility and their country. But I saw also what I had not been told of, for there was a great railway and settlements, and as for the Blackfeet they were very friendly, and all they seemed to do was to polish the horns of long dead buffaloes, which they largely sold to the white people.

And again I dreamed and thought I was in a great city, which must have been named by a Scotchman, for it was called Calgary—but they have corrupted the good old Highland name, and now they call it Calgary—and in this town there were many people and many railways met in it, for in a huge station house I read many time tables of roads I had never heard of before. The first read "Ho for San Francisco and Mexico, the Great Calgary, Macleod and Boundary Line R.R., connects with all the leading roads to the south." Then again, "C.P.R. to Vancouver and the Pacific coast." Then in flaming colors "Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River R.R., connecting with the Edmonton, Unshaga, and Athabasca R.R." And again, "Through excursion routes the McKenzie river, connecting with steamers on Great Slave lake, and the Arctic Circle R.R. A grand excursion by this route to the mouth of the McKenzie river, then by regular route over the mountains to the Yukon river, and thence by steamer to the mouth of the river and Sitka; from thence by ocean steamers past the glaciers and the grandest mountains of North America, through the gulf of Georgia to the city of Vancouver." And I wondered as I dreamed. Suddenly I felt something give me a shake and heard a voice saying rather sharply, "What are you snoring there for?"—and so it was all a dream,—and I wrote it down at once as I recollected it, and have been ever since wondering whether it is my last dream—will all come true. Perhaps not in my time. I am older than when the old Nor'-wester told me his stories, but in the not very far future this will all be realized, at least so I believe, and this little town of Calgary (which for ever) will see its fulfilment in the city of the future; and perhaps someone saying it will say: "When I was a child a cranky old fellow wrote of these things as in a dream, and they said he called himself

THE
Reverend
the Herald
 PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK AT
 A CROWDED HOUSE
 GREETED THE SECOND NIGHT
 OF THE OPERA
 The Second Performance a Brilliant
 Success—Numerous Encores—Re-
 quest for a Matinee on Saturday.
 From Friday's Daily.
 "Pianoforte" stock today is away shore
 par. Last night's house was one of
 the largest that has ever gathered at
 an opera in Calgary, and furnished the
 best possible proof of the fact that the
 Operatic Society has once more made
 a popular hit—and this notwithstanding
 the difficulties necessarily encoun-
 tered in amateur opera in the far
 West.
 The performance last night went off
 without a perceptible hitch. The
 principals knew and acted their parts
 well, the soloists were in better form
 than on the previous night and the
 choruses were sung with more vim
 and accuracy. Several encores were
 given and had to be responded to, and
 the large audience was lavish in its
 applause throughout the evening.
 Miss Jones in the heroine's difficult
 role, excelled herself, giving below
 excellent and her songs given with
 splendid effect. Mr. Wilkins (Ralph
 Hackett) also sang his difficult
 solos in excellent style, while Miss De-
 laune (Little Buttercup) Miss Kennedy
 (Helen), Mr. Crispin Smith (The First
 Lord), Mr. J. A. Bennett (Dick Deadeye),
 Mr. Baetz (the boatwain) and
 Mr. Bernard (the captain) all proved
 themselves well up to the mark. En-
 cores were given to Little Buttercup's
 song, Ralph's madrigal, Capt. Concor-
 dal's song and sailor's chorus, Joseph-
 ine's beautiful ballad, St. Joseph's
 song, the boatwain's song, He is an
 Englishman, and the first and second
 choruses. Wilkins, Bennett and
 Bennett.
 Mr. Chas. Turner, visiting Lieut.
 Governor Macdonald at Regina.
 It is now rumored that the Marquis
 of Hertford will succeed the Earl
 Aberdeen as governor general of
 Canada.
 John Burnham, Q.C., formerly M.P.
 for East Peterborough was accidentally
 drowned in the Ontonabee river last
 Tuesday.
 N. P. Hagel, Q.C., is in Winnipeg
 organizing a Klondike company. He
 will practice his profession at Dawson
 City next year.
 Shipments of White Star coal are
 coming in regularly three times a
 week. Orders booked now can be
 filled within three days at the latest.
 Towner & Co.

Wandering in Dreamland
 (BY THOMAS ALEXANDER McLEAN)
 The Past, Present and Future.

I dozed in my easy chair last night, it happens singularly enough, Mr. Editor, that as I grow older I take to easy chairs, cushioned seats and comforts generally, which in my younger days I condemned as womanly weaknesses, but as I dozed I dreamed of the olden time when I used to sit in my uncle's chair and listen to his tales of the journeys and voyages of himself and his friends in the days of the old Northwest Company—when the departure from Lachine was a great day for the Company and its officers, and the return of the voyageurs was celebrated in most luxurious fashion in Montreal.

I saw in my dream the brigade of canoes setting out, but first I saw the partners of the Company duly carried out by sturdy fellows through the shallow water and over the ice, in great ceremony in luxurious fur-lined canoes, in which they made their trips from St. Anne's to the extreme of the posts of the Company, and I heard many a cheer and the sweet chants of the voyageurs. Even now the words of A la Claire Fontaine seem to ring in my ears, and as I dreamed I heard the old man tell of Nipissing, Huron, and Superior, with their storms and sunshines, and then I ran the rapids of many a wild stream; then the scene changed and I saw him travelling across the prairies, the travelers keeping careful watch for the fear of Crees, Sioux, and Saulteaux, and as they got further into the prairies taking special precautions against the Blackfeet and Sarcees, then the most hostile of the Indian tribes. Again I saw him and his party among the mountains at the head waters of the Columbia, taking canoes to go down to the mouth of the river to Astoria, guarding well against the Gros Ventres, Plutes, Flat Heads, and Doggers. Again I saw him and his party laboriously making their way back through the Yellowhead Pass, through the Ustagan country to Athabasca, and I heard the old man as though I saw his eyes brighten and his breath come quicker, as he told of the many dangers and varied incidents of his long route; while again I saw him on the far Sis Katchewan on his way to stormy Lake Winnipeg, with its rocky and inhospitable shores, until at last, after two years, he was carried on shore at Lachine after his long journey. Such was the scene as presented to me in my dream of the old-time tale of the Nor'-wester, and as the scenes changed the old man described the countries he had visited where not often a white man had set his foot.

Again my dream changed and I stood in the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the rulers of our people considered the question of getting possession of the great Hudson's Bay territory, and as I listened I heard again of the country the old Nor'-wester had so loved to tell about, and some were for and some were against old Canada taking so great a responsibility, and a young man got up to speak and the whole house listened, for he was looked to, so I was told as I dreamed, as the future leader of his party, and with an eloquent tongue he declared that for Canada to attempt to take possession of the Northwest would be utter ruin, that they would never be able to pay the interest on the debt it would involve them in, and all his party cheered his speech and pronounced it the wisest ever made in the Canadian Parliament. And as I listened in my dream the face of the old Nor'-wester came up before me, and I heard him say: "He does not know of what he talks." And another member addressed the House, a spare looking man with almost a Jewish face, with curly hair and very bright eyes, and a nervous action of his head, and he, as I heard in my dream, spoke long in favor of acquiring the territory, and pictured the future of the country.

Then in my dream I was out on the plains in the Blackfoot country, and I thought I recollected all had been told about them and their hostility and their country. But I saw also what I had not been told of, for there was a great railway and settlements, and as for the Blackfeet they were very friendly, and all they seemed to do was to polish the horns of long dead buffaloes, which they largely sold to the white people.

And again I dreamed and thought I was in a great city, which must have been named by a Scotchman, for it was called Calgary—but they have corrupted the good old Highland name, and now they call it Calgary—and in this town there were many people and many railways met in it, for in a huge station house I read many time tables of roads I had never heard of before. The first read "Ho for San Francisco and Mexico, the Great Calgary, Macleod and Boundary Line R.R., connects with all the leading roads to the south." Then again, "C.P.R. to Vancouver and the Pacific coast." Then in flaming colors "Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River R.R., connecting with the Edmonton, Unshaga, and Athabasca R.R." And again, "Through excursion routes the McKenzie river, connecting with steamers on Great Slave lake, and the Arctic Circle R.R. A grand excursion by this route to the mouth of the McKenzie river, then by regular route over the mountains to the Yukon river, and thence by steamer to the mouth of the river and Sitka; from thence by ocean steamers past the glaciers and the grandest mountains of North America, through the gulf of Georgia to the city of Vancouver." And I wondered as I dreamed. Suddenly I felt something give me a shake and heard a voice saying rather sharply, "What are you snoring there for?"—and so it was all a dream,—and I wrote it down at once as I recollected it, and have been ever since wondering whether it is my last dream—will all come true. Perhaps not in my time. I am older than when the old Nor'-wester told me his stories, but in the not very far future this will all be realized, at least so I believe, and this little town of Calgary (which for ever) will see its fulfilment in the city of the future; and perhaps someone saying it will say: "When I was a child a cranky old fellow wrote of these things as in a dream, and they said he called himself

\$2.00 a Year
IS THE BEST VALUE IN KOOTENAY
READ IT. - - ADVERTISE IN IT.

